

thoughts that inspire /

Volume Two

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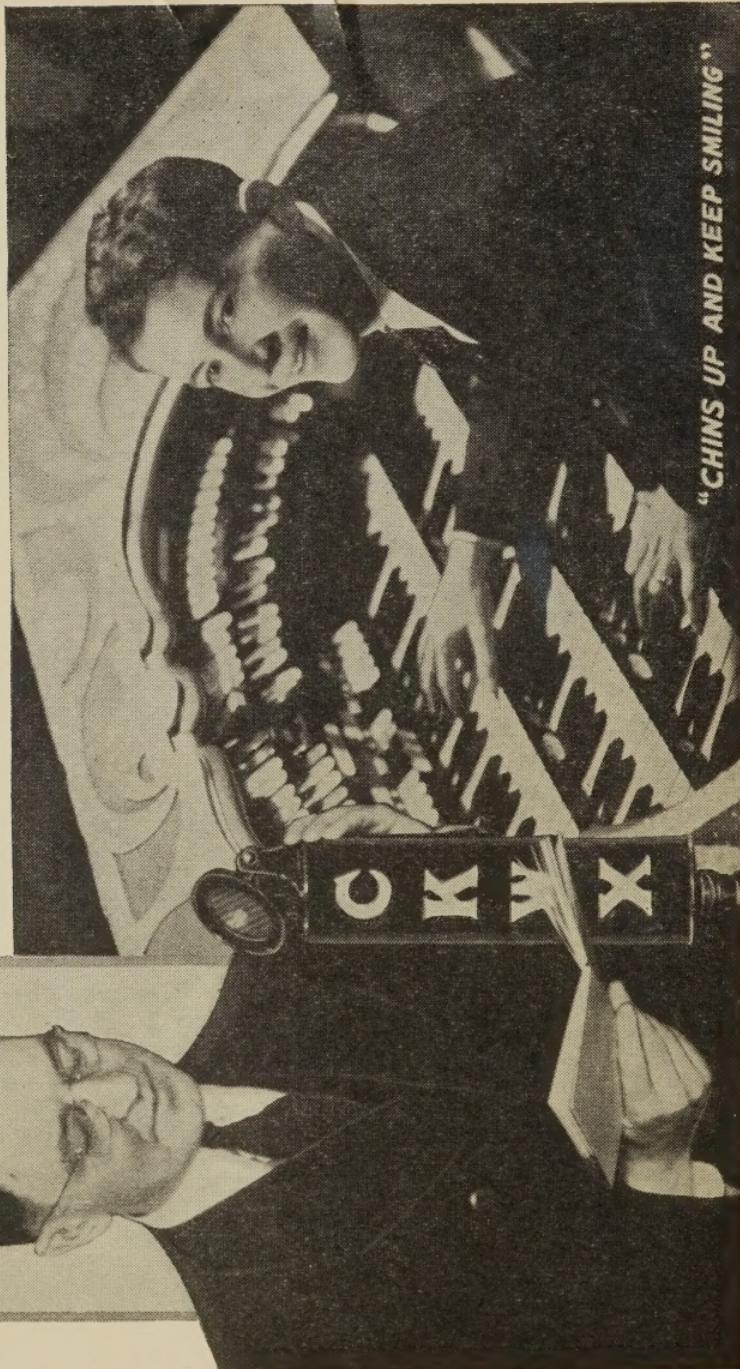
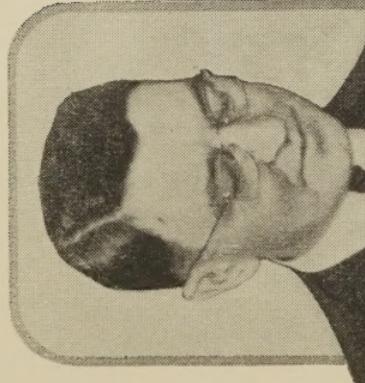
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*Dedicated to
British Columbia Poets*



"CHINS UP AND KEEP SMILING"

H. W. REEDER, Managing Editor — — HERBERT REEDER, Circulation Manager.

THOUGHTS THAT INSPIRE



Responding to the requests of an ever-increasing radio audience, Volume 2 of "Thoughts That Inspire" makes its appearance.

As in the first number, Volume 2 contains some of the many inspirational poems presented on the "Air Edition" of Western Canada Radio News, heard every morning over Radio Station CKWX, Vancouver, B.C.

This "Start of the Day" inspirational program has been on the air continuously since Labor Day, 1933, conducted by Father and Son, both executives of Western Canada Radio News.

With a great deal of pleasure we include in this volume several pages of the works of British Columbia poets, all of which have been given at one time or another over the air. The remaining pages are occupied with the works of anonymous writers, whose poems have also been presented on our programs.

It is our sincere hope that the poems contained in this volume, as well as our daily program, will continue to be a source of help and inspiration in the days to come.

FOREWORD

Contributed by a Listener



I have turned from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man, and put the long shadows of disappointments behind me—such is the cloak of calm security and renewed faith that must be flung o'er every heart when that inspiring melody, "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," comes to us over Radio Station CKWX, heralding the program of faith and cheer and belief in humanity that is under the direction of Mr. H. W. Reeder, managing editor of Western Canada Radio News, and his talented son, Herbert. The pleasant, soothing voice of Mr. Reeder must be balm to many troubled hearts as he utters simply, and with dignity, the little scraps of philosophy, wisdom and poetry that are the very corner-stones of our well being.

The friendliness, the cheer, the encouragement that this man brings to his unseen audience surely turns our hearts to God in thankfulness for one soul, at least, who has "built his house by the side of the road, and been a friend to man."

The organ melodies that reverberate so beautifully under the skilled fingers of his gifted son, Herbert Reeder, bring us all the glory and inspiration of the great masters, as well as the light-hearted joy of less ponderous composers.

Certainly we can learn from Mr. Reeder to "Show to souls discouraged that a friend is nigh. Stop awhile and aid them, do not pass them by," and in his own way to say, "Chins up—and keep smiling."—P. S.

THE FATHER AND SON PROGRAM

By MRS. F. P. PAQUETTE, North Vancouver, B.C.

Good morning Friends,
Western Canada Radio News is on the air,
Forget about the dishes, and take an easy chair,
Pull down the curtains of your eyes, your troubles cast away,
Twenty Golden minutes have come to start the day.

Old Hymns, old faces, memories, come echoing thro' the years,
Some of them bring laughter, a few of them bring tears,
And now, the organ pealing, an old familiar tune,
It used to be played (if my memory serves) in the little Church
back home.

And then, some birthday greetings, eighty-six years young to-
day,
"We wish you every happiness," we hear a kind voice say,
And then, a little poem, to be remembered long,
It was the one He read to Her, when they were young and
strong.

A couple getting married, wishes from all their friends,
And again the organ sends us forth, the song that never ends,
"I Love You Truly Dear," the music swells and falls,
Breathing the words spoken between silent sacred walls.

A little girl or boy is next, on which to turn our thought,
"We'll play a hymn for them, it shall be one they have been
taught."
"Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," seems to be the favourite one,
It always sounds so wonderful when offered by "my son."

Again the "shut-ins" fill our thoughts, we'll bring some joy to
them,
The very choicest of our songs or poems, men can pen
"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," the silence can be felt,
The words, as coming o'er the air, the hardest heart would melt.

Friends, I see our time is up, the minutes have been piling,
And it is time to say goodbye, and so we say "Keep Smiling."
The twenty minutes have fulfilled our heart's most earnest
wishes,
Our eyes are open and we must arise and do the dishes.

TO MY SON

By L. MACDONALD, Vancouver, B.C.

Be thorough in everything you undertake,
Place no dependence in chance or fate;

The thing worth doing is worth doing well,
So avoid the careless, spasmodic spell;

Whatever you start, always see it through,
Your success or failure depends upon YOU;

Dreaming a little, yet aim to do much,
In midst of Kings, retain the common touch;

Position or wealth does not make the man,
Character is the basis on which to stand;

Always value your word as you do your bond,
Despite any reverses, keep cheerfully on;

View all things fairly, with an open mind,
Avoiding judgment, till the truth you find;

Man's greatest anchor is energetic work,
Yet taking time for pleasure and mirth;

Those who struggle are the ones who win,
Meeting Dame Despair with a cheerful grin;

Let your life shine like the stars above,
By the daily practice of brotherly love.

THE INVALID

To a Vancouver Lady

By L. MACDONALD, Vancouver, B.C.

She sits in her chair in the garden,
All bent and crippled from pain,
Having known all the joys of freedom
Which can never be hers again

Reconciled to the role of a martyr,
The result of cruel fate's decree,
Yet she never complains nor murmurs,
That life such a burden should be.

With a book she rests in the sunshine,
Amidst the flowers, birds and trees,
Though denied all the comfort of mortals,
She finds joy and contentment in these.

Her soul, it is filled with gladness,
On her face shines a resolute calm,
And she never gives way to sadness,
But only radiates love and charm.

In that home of the blest over yonder,
Without sorrow, or pain, or a frown,
She will join the throng of immortals,
And exchange her cross for a crown.

I LOVE THIS DAY

By A. T., Vancouver, B.C.

"In appreciation of your splendid program."

I love this day, and what it has in store,
Be it a little less, perhaps a little more.
I love my scented violets at the dawn;
Today I love March winds ere they are gone.

I love this day. The voices that I hear
Which come from distant parts, and near,
Via my radio, seem only kind—
They help me love this day, I find.

I love this day. 'Twas but this morning
I felt the earth, and it was warming.
Starting in to spade, I found
That I could love a piece of ground.

I love this day, and I will do my bit
For someone just a little harder hit
Than I, by helping where I can
To lift the load of my fellow man.

I love this day. Last night I prayed,
Not for the trivial things man-made;
But only that my heart might understand
And help me do the things we planned.

POVERTY AND RICHES

By R. MANLY ORR, Vancouver, B.C.

Two men took sick, as humans do,
And each was racked with pain;
So sick were they that each day through
They sought repose in vain.

And one was rich and one was poor
As bankers reckon wealth;
One common bond alone was sure,
They both were poor in health.

For there within one common ward,
By isolation bound,
While suffering disease abhorred
The bond of pain they found.

The rich man bought himself the things
Which money may command,
Till service came on golden wings
And bowed on every hand.

“I must be cured!” he said to all;
“The first and best is mine.”
Then proudly bade his money call
On sickness to resign.

But Death decided both to take,
The rich and poor alike,
And soon they knew life’s cord would break
And Time’s conclusion strike.

“Dear Father, Friend, and Saviour too,”
The poor man prayed aloud,
“I’ve followed Thee the whole day through;
Rule Thou the passing cloud.”

The rich man saw the fearless face,
The moving lips that smiled,
And knew that God had traversed space
To greet a trusting child.

And truth which will not be denied,
When death makes thinking pure,
Within that rich man’s bosom cried,
“He’s rich—and I am poor.”

LITTLE BABE SO LIKE A FLOWER

By NORA M. DUNCAN, North Vancouver, B.C.

Little babe, so like a flower,
Watching o'er you hour by hour,
 All your dearness see.
Miracle of wonderment
To my longing arms is sent,
 God's great gift to me.

Dimpled hands, and tiny toes,
Silken down that softly grows
 Darkly on your head;
Eyes like blue forget-me-not,
Cheeks, the rosebud's tint has caught
 Lips, the cherry's red.

Guardian angels leaning low,
Whispering in love, bestow
 One fond fragrant kiss.
Smiles flit o'er thy cherub face—
Smiles of innocence and grace—
 Dreams of heavenly bliss.

Cradled gently in my arms,
Frail wee babe of tender charms,
 Trusting you sleep.
On my heart your head shall rest,
Pillooned safely on my breast,
 Mine to love and keep.

As I hold you darling thus,—
Gratefully glad thankfulness
 Rises deep in me.
Oh, may I be ever true
To the precious soul of you!
 God's great gift to me!

* * *

CHARITY

There is so much that is bad in the best of us,
And so much that is good in the worst of us,
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

SO LET IT BE

By CHARLOTTE SPOONER, North Vancouver, B.C.

A monarch one day in his palace sat,
Its wide halls were stately and grand,
And 'mid music and flowers the courtiers stood,
Waiting his royal command.

Rich were his garments and stately his mien,
His jewels were costly and bright;
While silver framed mirrors from dark frescoed walls
Reflected their restless light.

“Go! fetch an artist my picture to paint
‘Tis meet it should hang on this wall;
When life has gone by and oblivion’s shade
Perchance o’er my deeds may fall !”

They look at each other, then at the king,
Who toss’d back his bright sunny hair,
For far down his cheek was a hideous scar
Marring what God had made fair.

No picture of beauty—now could he make,
The halls of his palace to grace;
And out of place surely the portrait would be
Amid the fair of his race.

An artist was bright, and weeks passed away,
Once more the gay courtiers stand,
And gaze with delight on their new pictured king,
Leaning his cheek on his hand.

Oh wondrous art ! oh love of the fair,
That hid with such cunning, each trace
Of the hateful brand, till it seems there was nought
To mar the beautiful face.

As artists, how often a picture we make
Of someone who near us may stand;
Of a soul that bears a deep, hideous scar
Marked with a fiery brand.

It may be the cause is repented sore
And shame may oft' crimson the brow,
And hot, bitter tears in the dead of the night
O'er that hated mark may flow.

Oh, then 'tis a cruel and needless thing
To taunt—or e'en point to the stain;
To bring down the scorn of a gay, mocking world,
And sting a sad soul with pain.

Let us paint what beauties may there be found
In the light that comes from above,
And the hideous scar of a bygone sin
Hide close—with the hand of love.

THE THATCHED COTTAGE

By ANN WILLSHER, Vancouver, B.C.

One day as I was walking out I turned into a lane
And there I saw a cottage, thatched, with tiny window panes.
A little Lady, old and sweet, with gentle face, lived there;
Her cheeks were fresh and pink and she had silver in her hair.

And as I passed she saw me, and looked up with a smile.
"It's tea-time, dear," she said. "Step in and rest yourself a
while."

I loved her quaint old cottage, I also loved her too,
Her china and her furniture, they just appealed to you.

She was so sweet and dainty with her ruffles and her lace,
Her soul so pure and holy that it shone right in her face,
And oh! she had such gentle ways and such a lovely voice
It sounded just like music. It made your heart rejoice.

She was the friend of everyone in sorrow and in joy,
The village called her "Mother," for she mothered every boy.
They told her all their troubles and over them she'd stand,
Her heart so full of sympathy, and gently hold their hand.

And then one day she left them; God said her work was done.
His angels came from heaven with the crown that she had won;
They laid her in a lovely place, beneath a shady tree.
For inasmuch ye did to them, ye did it unto Me.

COURAGE

By the Late MARY J. BRENTON, Vancouver, B. C.

Oh, what's the use of courage
When you haven't any "dough,"
When you're very nearly homeless
And you have no place to go.

When the cow you've just been milking
Has switched her hairy tail,
With her hoofs has knocked you over
And upset your brimming pail.

Some will say, O, do not whimper,
But pick up your empty pail;
Try and find another bossy,
One with neither hoofs nor tail.

In the paddock 'midst the clover
You may sometimes wait and wait
For the cow with the well-filled udder
To pass through the wicket gate.

And while you wait for bossy
You let down the old-time bars,
And dream of cream and butter
Underneath the silent stars.

It requires a lot of courage
And colossal nerve, no doubt,
To keep the salt brine from your eyes
When you are down and out.

And when you're down and out, my friend,
Kind words are very few;
Your friends will only laugh and say,
Oh, what did I tell you?

Take from me, my friend, wise counsel,
As this world you travel through,
Do to your fellow-man as you
Would have him do to you.

Has he fallen by the wayside?
Hold out your brawny hand,
Help him to bear his burden
In this lone and weary land.

Instead of preaching courage
To your helpless fellow-man,
Dig down into your pockets
And help him all you can.

A YOUNG BOY TO HIS TEACHERS

By EDNA JAQUES, Victoria, B.C.

Teach me, I beg, some magic way
To face the world gone all awry;
There seems no place for Youth today,
No room or need for such as I.

Teach me, not Latin verbs and nouns,
Or ancient history grey with age,
But teach me how to train my soul
To face its bitter heritage.

Teach me, somehow, to fill the days
That loom so empty and so drear,
Teach me to keep my body clean,
My soul from bitterness and fear.

Teach me not chemistry or Greek,
Old poets leave me cold and dead.
Not outworn creeds of ancient times,
But give me life and faith instead.

A chance to have a job and work,
The right to dream and to fulfill,
To lay foundations strong and true
With a brave heart and steady will.

O teach us these and let us know
The love that called us from the deep
Has need of us to work His will,
Has still a trust for us to keep.

It was a pleasure to present Edna Jaques on one of our programs in the
autumn of 1934.

CHRISTMAS

By ROBERT LESSELLES, D.C., Ph.C., Vancouver, B.C.

Used to think that Christmas was nothin' but a day
To get a lot o' presents and to give a lot away.
Shouted "Merry Christmas" and helped to trim the tree—
Just a day o' Christmas was all that I could see.
Since I found that Christmas is more than any day
Christmas came to OUR house—an' never went away.

Struck me of a sudden that friendliness an' cheer
Was meant to be on duty more than one day in the year:
If we're happy Christmas, why not the day before
An' the day that follows, an' so on, evermore:
Got to thinking of it—an' that is why I say,
Christmas came to OUR house—an' never went away.

Lots of us go pladdin' along the road o' life
An' think one day o' gladness will make up for all the strife—
But the Christmas spirit can show you how you need
To make each day a Christmas in thought an' word an' deed—
Used to pack the kindness in camphor balls next day
Till Christmas came to OUR house—an' never went away.

We just keep on givin' to strangers an' to kin
And find that what is goin' out is always comin' in;
Makes the sunshine brighter where we've got to live
To learn that givin's keepin'—what you keep you give.
Holly in December, an' violets in May—
An' Christmas came to OUR house—an' never went away.

Used to think that Christmas was nothin' but a date
Till we learned that truly you would never have to wait,
But that it's the spirit that never stays apart
If you let it find you an' keep it in your heart.
Since I found that Christmas is more than just a day
Christmas came to OUR house—an' never went away.

* * *

THE ABLE SAILOR

Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;
The able sailor hails from stormy seas.

MEMORIES

By M. K. BENTHAM, Victoria, B.C.

In a distant Old World village,
In a far-off native land,
Stands a little old thatched cottage,
With its flower gardens grand.

Around its porch the Ivy clings,
The Jasmine and the Rose,
And in it you find there,
The sweetest flower that grows.

For love has filled that cottage,
Throughout the long years known,
And left behind a dear old pair,
Whose birds have long since flown.

Their days of youth are long since past,
Their hair is white as snow.
Their brows are furrowed with the care,
That time and age doth show.

They sit at eve by the firelight's glow,
And talk of by-gone days;
They remind each other of love's romance,
And onwards in other ways.

Their faces light up with heavenly joy
For to them it is sacred bliss
To have lived and loved throughout the years
And gained the Eternal kiss !

Be kind to the aged, wherever you roam,
Respect their many years,
For you are travelling along that road,
And your need may be as their's.

* * *

A smile on the face instead of a frown,
A word of cheer when spirits are down
And Home is a haven to soothe and bless
And to fill the heart with Happiness.

THOUGHTS THAT INSPIRE

KEEP SMILING

By FRANCIS L. HARRIS, Vancouver, B. C.

Good morning, everybody.
The program you will hear
Is one of organ music
And verses of "Good Cheer."
We're on the air each morning,
And we try to do our best,
To bring to all our listeners
A little happiness.
If you enjoy our program
Just write a line or two;
You need only say, "We're listening."
'Twill please us if you do.

Smile in the morning though the skies be grey,
Smile the whole day through.
We used to sing, "Pack your troubles in a bag,"
And that's the thing to do.
Smile in the Winter, Fall and Spring,
Smile in the Summer, too.
No matter what happens, keep a smiling face,
And the whole world will smile with you.

Smile in your home, smile on the street,
Smile in the office or shop,
Keep on smiling, smile at everyone you meet,
You'll find it helps a lot.
Smile when it's raining, smile when it's fine,
Smile when the moon's out too.
No matter what happens, keep a smiling face,
And the whole world will smile with you.

Smile when you're working and smile when you play,
Put all your cares aside.
Smile when out walking, smile if you run,
Smile when you take a ride.
Smile when you talk or when you sing,
Our troubles will soon be through.
No matter what happens, keep a smiling face,
And the whole world will smile with you.

* * *

UP TO YOU

It's the song ye sing and the smile ye wear
That's making the sun shine everywhere.

IVY EVANS

By DR. LACHLAN McMILLAN, Vancouver, B. C.

You, our radio idol! We pause who knew,—
Who never grasped your hand or saw you fair,
Whose souls you thrilled and filled with joy to spare,
Who felt your deep emotion throbbing through.
The organ-singing, which we heard, was you,
Its melodies with rapture filled the air,
And though to-day we know, you are not there,
The magic of your memory charms anew.

All is not done, although your hands are still.
On wings of song your spirit now may soar
And you may journey wheresoe'er you will
In richness of communion evermore.
When Angels hear your wondrous music sweet,
They too shall lay a tribute at your feet.

The late Miss Ivy Evans, who passed to her rest on October 1st, 1933, was for several years one of Vancouver's most popular radio organists, having given listeners many hours of enjoyment from the same organ at the Capitol Theatre, Vancouver, as used on the daily program of Western Canada Radio News.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

By MRS. BUCKLEY, Langford, B. C.

I could never begin in the morning
To earn my daily bread,
Without asking my Father's blessing
For all that is done or said.

I could never be really a mother
With all my burdens to bear,
Without giving my loved ones daily
Into His tender care;

For then, be it joy or sorrow,
With the shadows of evening I rest,
And I know that thro' faith I can whisper,
Whatever is—is best.

BE THANKFUL AND GLAD

By PHYLLIS B. LANGLEY, Age 11, West Vancouver, B. C.

Today the sky is clear and blue,
Yesterday was dark and grey.
This little poem is quite true,
Because it was raining yesterday.

Tonight the sun set, then the stars,
Against the dark clear evening sky.
The moon shines on the window bars,
As in my cosy bed I lie.

Can you tell me, dear God,
Why some people look so sad?
To me it is so very odd,
As "I" am thankful and so glad.

SMILES COME BACK

By MRS. J. TEMPLE, Vancouver, B. C.

Have you ever felt at the end of the day
That everything's gone wrong,
Your work was just a burden
And you could not hurry along.
True friends you hadn't any,
You felt lonely and very sad,
And yet, when you saw a smiling face
It somehow made you glad.
So "Keep Smiling" as your motto
And you'll notice the sun shines bright,
Even though it is raining,
Everything will seem just right.
So carry a smile wherever you go;
It does wonders you never knew,
If you smile at everyone you meet
You'll find, they will smile back at you.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

By IRIS DENT, Chilliwack, B. C.

Have you ever felt that your hopes were gone,
That the world held never a friend,
You've made a list of life's trials
And numbered them all to the end?
You're buffeted here by this fellow,
You're helpless, downtrodden and low,
Your life's in the hands of fate's children,
They hound you wherever you go.

Have you ever thought of life's blessings
That come to the helpless and weak
You don't have to cry for the sunshine,
It's waiting for those who will seek.
Be strong and be ever courageous;
The meek blame their failures on fate.
There's happiness round every corner,
Just grasp it! It's never too late.

SPRING WILL COME

By FLORENCE KENNEY, Vancouver, B. C.

O Spring will come again
With all its blue-birds singing;
Though wintry blasts have beat against the pane.
And blue-bells on the hills will soon be ringing,
Where lately snow-bent trees o'erlooked the plain.

The ice-bound brooks will soon be all a'flowing,
And gladsome is the song that they will sing.
The tiny buds on alder trees are glowing,
As Nature's voice through all the land shall ring.

And spring will come into our hearts—
If we relinquish the icy shackles of our fears;
And there will be a kindness we impart
To those around about us here—
Because Spring has come again.

OUR HOME

God Bless Our Home,
Each member of it,
Watch over and teach us to love it.
When sorrow comes, and illness too,
For comfort, may we look to you.
Provide for us, Oh God, we plead,
Our daily bread in times of need.
Keep kind our deeds, and clean each thought,
Tomorrow's men, at home are wrought.
Through sunny hours, and those of gloom,
God, may Thy presence rule our home.

NOBODY KNOWS—BUT MOTHER

Nobody knows of the work it makes
 To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
 Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
 Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
 Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
 Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years;
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
 To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
 Nobody can—but mother.

TELL HER SO

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
 Tell her so !

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweet the sweetest yet—
 Tell her so !

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
 Tell her so !

In former days you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
 Tell her so !

There was a time when you thought it bliss
To get a favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
 Tell her so !

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it; for her sake
 Tell her so !

You'll never know what you have missed,
If you make love a game of whist;
Lips mean more—than to be kissed !
 Tell her so !

Don't act as if she'd passed her prime,
As though to please her was a crime—
If e'er you loved her, now's the time;
 Tell her so !

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers are made to bless !
 Tell her so !

You are hers, and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
 Tell her so !

—Detroit Free Press.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout
Glad in the freedom of "school is out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the motor cars or passing feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow."

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my Mother, if she should stand
At a crossing, weary and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

MOTHER'S BOYS

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with flowers and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
And I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you.

No ! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys.

* * *

CHEER UP

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing my way—
Cheer up ! Cheer up ! Cheer up !
Whenever you're blue, find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you—
Cheer up ! Cheer up ! Cheer up !

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart when his own rejoice
To see him come home and hear his voice.

Only a dad of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of life,
But never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way of his children small;
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
Only a dad, but the best of men.

DEPENDABLE

The man who always keeps his word
Is very good to know.
He does just what he says he will,
That's why we love him so.
If he has told you: "I'll be there!"
He's Johnny-on-the-Spot,
And never makes the lame excuse
That somehow he forgot.

The man who always keeps his word
Is very much admired.
He's sure to get a first-rate job
And he is never fired.
We know we can depend on him,
And so we always do.
Unfortunately he is rare;
Let's hope that he is you!

FLO'S LETTER

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said Grandma,
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, Grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise.
"Oh my! but isn't it funny—
No teeth, but nose and eyes."
"I guess," 'after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like Grandpa's?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper, and pen, and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me,
If you do it'll 'sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, Grandma,
To send away tonight
And 'cause it's very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished—
A wonderful thing to see—
And directed to God in heaven,
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her Grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofies
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know,
Please come and finish the baby,
That's all." From little Flo.

THE LADIES AID

The old church bell has long been cracked,
It's call was but a groan,
It seemed to sound a funeral knell,
With every broken tone.
"We need a bell," the brethren said,
"But taxes must be paid;
We have no money we can spare—
Just ask the Ladies Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old,
The rain came down in rills;
The brethren slowly shook their heads
And spoke of monthly bills.
The Chairman of the board arose
And said, "I am afraid
That we shall have to lay the case
Before the Ladies Aid."

The carpet had been patched and patched
Till quite beyond repair,
And through the aisles and on the steps
The boards showed hard and bare.
"It's too bad," the brethren said,
"An effort must be made
To raise interest on the part
Of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind,
The poor man blushed to meet
The grocer and butcher as
They passed him on the street.
But nobly spoke the brethren then,
"Pastor, you shall be paid !
We'll call upon the treasurer
Of our good Ladies' Aid."

"Ah !" said the men, "the way to heaven
Is long and hard and steep;
With slopes of ease on either side
The path 'tis hard to keep.
We cannot climb the heights alone,
Our hearts are sore dismayed;
We ne'er shall get to heaven at all
Without the Ladies Aid."

THOUGHTS THAT INSPIRE

A PRAYER

(Taken from the Calander of St. Agnes' Chapel, hanging outside the door of Chester Cathedral, England.)

Give me a good digestion Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called "I".

Give me a sense of humor, Lord !
Give me the sense to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life
And pass it on to other folk.

HOPE ON

There was never a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountain top ever so bleak,
That a little flower does not love it.
There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silvery lining.
There is never a waiting time, weary and long,
That will not some time have an ending.
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blending.
Into every life some shadows will fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Though the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will
See the beautiful blue above.
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at last.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

The road to success is a long one,
With paths to the left and the right,
That tempt us with shining smoothness
To waver a bit in our flight.
'Twould be wise to stay on the straight road,
Lest darkness and night set in,
And call to a halt those traveling,
'Til dawn, when a new day begins.

There are chances for all on this highway,
Providing you're willing and strong,
So hold out a hand to those slipping,
And cheer them and help them along.
For the swift folks who rush by others,
Striving hard to make a great name,
Will learn, too late, that sharing
Gives more joy to the heart than fame.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T PASS

A sad-faced little fellow sits alone in deep disgrace.
There a lump arising in his throat and tears stream down his
face;
He wandered from his playmates, for he doesn't want to hear
Their shouts of merry laughter since the world has lost its
cheer.
He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has drained the bitter glass,
And his heart is fairly breaking; he's the boy who didn't pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery little song,
But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing plainly something's
wrong.
Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and bit of play,
But the troubled little fellow sternly bids him go away,
And alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a tangled mass,
And his eyes are red with weeping; he's the boy who didn't
pass.

Oh, you who boast a laughing son and speak of him as bright,
And you who love a little girl who comes to you to-night,
With smiling eyes and dancing feet, with honors from her
school,
Turn to that lonely little boy who thinks he is a fool,
And take him kindly by the hand, the dullest in the class;
He is the one who most needs love—the boy who didn't pass.

JUST SO

When everything goes crooked
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget,
Just—you—smile !

It's hard to learn the lesson,
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin !

When someone tries to "do" you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant,
Just—you—laugh !

But if you find you're stuffy,
(Sometimes, of course, you will),
And cannot smile nor grin nor laugh,
Just—keep—still !

LET US SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,

That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness
blent—

It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

NEAR THE DAWN

When life's troubles gather darkly
 Round the way we follow here,
When no hope the sad heart lightens,
 No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Then the thought the shadow scatters,
 Giving us a cheering ray,—
When the night appears the darkest,
 Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
 And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
 With our shattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
 This sweet thought can yet be drawn,—
When the darkest hour is present,
 It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers
 On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories,
 And from every scene of strife,
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
 And the body shrinks in fear,
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
 And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always,
 Brighter days will soon be here;
Sorrow may oppress us often,
 Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
 This reflection lights the way,—
Nature's darkest hour is always
 Just before the break of day.

ON BEING KIND

It costs so little to be kind;
 A word in season or a smile
Will oft the weary heart beguile,
 And bring contentment to the mind.

A little lift behind the load,
 From one who has none of his own,
For much of sorrow may atone
 And brighten up a lonely road.

THOUGHTS THAT INSPIRE

A hand to clasp that answers back
With warmth and tenderness to ours,
May strew a stony way with flowers
That otherwise were bleak and black.

It costs so little to be kind—
A word, a handshake, or a smile
Will shorten many a dreary mile
And leave a radiance behind.

—The Canadian Churchman.

LIFE'S LESSON

I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower I'd longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through Wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of Right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our hearts away;
And those who have never known sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

We must live through the dreary Winter
If we would value the Spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.

The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

If you've never made another
Have a happier time in life;
If you've never helped a brother
Through his struggle and his strife;
If you've never been a comfort
To the weary and the worn—
Will you tell us what you're here for
In this lovely land of morn?

If you've never made the pathway
Of some neighbor glow with sun;
If you've never brought a bubble
To some fellow's heart with fun;
If you've never cheered a toiler
That you tried to help along—
Will you tell us what you're here for
In this lovely land of song?

If you've never made a comrade
Feel the world a sweeter place
Because you lived within it,
And had served it with your grace;
If you've never heard a woman
Or a little child proclaim
A blessing on your bounty—
You're a poor hand at the game.



Keep Smiling!

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